

CRICHTON IS 'ERE,
AND 'E'S A GOOD 'UN

William Gillette, 'im as Acts 'im, Proves 'ow a Butler Can Be a Mawster When the Hoppertunity Arises.

AND 'E MAKES QUITE A 'IT.

Barrie's Quaint and Lawfawble Comedy of Hinglish Life at the New Lyceum Gives Somethink to the Jaded to Be Thankful For.

Whatever else you do, don't let your butler see "The Admirable Crichton." If he does, you may have to go around to the back door when you get home or be obliged to sleep in the stable.

You're a pretty helpless sort of individual, and your brains are in your butler. If you happen to sport a butler, if you don't believe it, take your yacht out of winter quarters, put yourself and your family and your butler aboard and get wrecked on Staten Island. Then you'll discover what you are and what a handy thing a butler is to have around the house.

There probably isn't another butler in captivity just like Crichton. He is an all-round mechanic, a poet in fancy, an electrician, a self-made king and an A. No. 1 heart-smasher. What he can't do isn't worth trying.

It's Delightfully Droll.

Of course "The Admirable Crichton" is absurd, but it's delightfully droll, and J. M. Barrie disarms criticism at the outset by styling his play a "fantasy." It hasn't gone far before you're willing to have it go as far as it likes with you.

Mr. Barrie has written in his most whimsical vein, using as a touch-and-go text "the equality of class."

You find in the Earl of Loam a florid, puffy old party, who, to teach his amiable doctrine, brings his servants into his drawing-room once in six weeks and has his family "wait on them" as "company."

The assembling of the servants is the funniest and best part of the play. From all parts of the establishment they come, each with some characteristic, telltale trait of domestic servitude.

Audience in a Roar.

This first act kept last night's highly amused audience at the New Lyceum Theatre in a constant roar.

The "quality" mixed with the "quantity"—most of them unknown quantities and distressingly ill at ease. The quality tried, though not without great effort, to be extremely nice and entertaining.

"And how is the weather in the kitchen?" inquires Lord Brocklehurst, "Twenty" in a stagger at a congenial topic.

Here you have a study of types, as in "The Man from Blankley's," only these are different types, yet fully as funny.

"The Mawster" breaks up the incongruous gathering by his inability to recall a proverb intended as the subject of his address. While he flounders helplessly the resourceful Crichton hustles out the wondering "help."

Lords It Over His Kind.

Only two of the servants, Crichton and "Twenty" are with the castaways on the otherwise uninhabited island. Crichton, because of his ingenuity and resourcefulness, becomes their leader, and lords it over them when he is again a butler, and all that there is left for him to do is to notice.

William Gillette played Crichton with almost superlative seriousness. Henry Kemble, a hearty English actor with a light touch, endowed the Earl with rare insight. Pattle Brown, also from "over one," played a sturdy pair of bare legs and the true comely of the Earl. Crichton with him, and "Twenty" is exalted by an offer of man-of-war from the young nephew of the Earl. Crichton, who is a nephew of Lady Mary and been accepted, when the boom of a gun is heard, Crichton, by working the switch of an electrical system he has devised, can set signal fires of distress burning all around the island. Lady Mary wants to stay there and become his wife (there's a minister in the party, but Crichton, a noble fellow—feels sorry for her poor old "pop" and pulls the switch).

Saved at Last.

Thus the party is saved and taken back to London. Crichton loses his bride, for she no longer loves him when he is again a butler, and all that there is left for him to do is to notice.

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GUERRERO EXECUTING HER PANTOMIMIC
PHANTASY—GILLETTE AS ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.FIRE SCENE REAL
FOR NELLIE M'HENRY

Actress Burned on the Stage While Effecting a Mimic Rescue, and Was Herself Saved from Flames.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 18.—Nellie McHenry has been seriously burned about the lower limbs during a performance at Krug's Theatre. Her turn was to rescue a schoolmaster from a burning schoolhouse. In dropping through the roof her skirts caught fire and a real rescue followed by the leading man. The actress was carried to the wings and the flames extinguished, but not until she had been badly burned.

MOTHER AND SON
PARTED IN COURT

Woman Weeps Piteously When Sent to Jail, While the Lad Is Turned Over to the Care of the Society.

There was a pathetic scene in the Jefferson Market Court when Roselle McMahon, thirty-three years old, was committed to jail in default of a \$5 fine imposed by Magistrate Deuel for drunkenness.

The woman and her ten-year-old son Harry were found at Seventh avenue and Twenty-fifth street last night wandering aimlessly, while they were wet through from the rain. They had no money to get shelter and had not been seen for three days. The boy had been taken to the Children's Society, which had been looking for him. The mother was locked up.

In court to-day the mother begged pitifully that she be not separated from her boy. She was sent to jail, however, and the lad was taken to the Children's Society.

The boy's father is a porter and earns \$10 a week. He told the Court he was obliged to leave his wife on account of her habits.

BISHOP LINES
GETS THE MITRE

Score of Prelates and Many Clergymen at the Consecration of New Head of Newark Episcopal Diocese.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 18.—Rev. D. Edwin S. Lines, former pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, New Haven, was to-day consecrated Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Newark. He succeeds the late Bishop Thomas S. Starkey.

The consecration services were held in Grace Episcopal Church, the same in which Bishop Starkey was consecrated. The services were the most imposing ever witnessed in the diocese, there being nearly a score of bishops and over 200 clergymen present, with fifty vested chorists.

In the gathering were Bishops Potter, of New York, and Doane, of Albany. Gov. Murphy, of New Jersey, and Mayor Doremus, of Newark, were among the laity present.

Workmen's Wit Beats Surgery.

WEST WARREN, Mass., Nov. 18.—While drilling through a stone wall to-day a piece of steel lodged deep in Napoleon Chicote's eyeball. Charles Duffrenee—magnetized a knife, which drew the steel from the eye. The attending physician declared the eye was better than surgery, which might have permanently injured the eyeball.

SHOT MAN WHO
BIT OFF HIS FINGER

Italian Mortally Wounds His Brother-in-Law in Triangular Quarrel—Result of Family Feud That Began in Buffalo.

In a street row on Hamilton avenue and Union street, Brooklyn, to-day, Vincenzo Santanana, his brother Joseph and his brother-in-law, whose name, strange to say, is also Joseph Santanana, ended a family feud that began in Buffalo. The outcome of the battle is one dying and another minus a finger, which Vincenzo in his wrath bit off.

The three met on the street corner and then began a scuffle in Italian. After much argument and frenzied recitation all three men came together. Joseph, the brother-in-law, after disentangling himself from a close hand-to-hand conflict, discovered that Vincenzo had bit off his finger.

Yelling with rage and pain, Joseph drew a revolver and fired a shot at Vincenzo. The bullet lodged in the groin and Vincenzo fell. He was taken to the Brooklyn Hospital, where they say he is in a very critical condition and probably will die.

Joseph, the brother-in-law, was arrested and looked up.

FORTUNE IS LEFT
TO LIFE CONVICT

Alphonse J. Stephani, Who Killed His Attorney in 1841, Falls Heir to an Estate Valued at \$25,000.

Through the death of his mother in Germany Alphonse Stephani, a life prisoner in Clinton Prison, Dannemora, N. Y., becomes the heir to an estate valued at \$25,000.

This fact was developed in the papers submitted to Supreme Court Justice Scott by Carl A. Hausmann, of Carter, Hughes, Rounds and Schurman, to-day, and upon which Justice Scott will appoint the Trust Company of America to take charge of the estate and out of it pay to the life convict so much as it is possible for him to enjoy in his imprisonment.

Alphonse J. Stephani was a mere youth when, in 1841, becoming suspicious of the manner in which his attorney, an old man named Reynolds, was conducting the settlement of the estate of his father, shot him down in his office in Hanover Square.

On his trial insanity was set up in his defense, and this undoubtedly moved the jury to spare his life. He was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Stephani's mother died last April at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, according to the petition of Charles J. Stephani, an uncle of the life convict.

The petitioner sets forth a list of cousins of the convict heir, all in Germany except Mrs. Sophie Leith, nee Moebing, of No. 45 West Eleventh street, and Mrs. Maria Lawrence, nee Moebing, of No. 784 Park avenue.

CZARINA ILL WITH
AN EAR AFFECTION

Unable to Travel, and So Prevented from Attending the Funeral of Princess Elizabeth, Who Died Suddenly.

DARMSTADT, Grand Duchy of Hesse, Nov. 18.—The Czarina is suffering from inflammation of one of her ears and is unable to travel. Consequently she and the "Tsar" will be prevented from attending the funeral of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, who died at Skiersniewice, Russian Poland, last Monday while with the "Tsar's" party.

The autopsy on the body of the Princess showed her death was due to typhoid of an exceptionally acute and rapid character.

A. H. GREEN'S FUNERAL.

Simple Services Held at Green Hill, the Family Home.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 18.—Funeral services of Andrew H. Green were held at the family home, Green Hill, this forenoon at 10 o'clock. They were of the simplest nature, consisting of scripture readings and prayer by Rev. A. W. Hitchcock, pastor of Central Congregational Church.

Only members of the family were present. Burial was in the family plot at Rural Cemetery.

DANCER TALKS
OF KING LEOPOLD

Rosario Guerrero, Who Made Her American Debut Last Night, Says Belgian Monarch Will Visit This Country.

The Rose and the Dagger fought a bloodless duel last night at the Lyric Theatre, when Rosario Guerrero, the Spanish dancer and Parisian toast, made her first American appearance in the pantomime of that name. The Rose won, and small wonder, since it was worn by Rosario, whose beauty, for a long time rivalled only by that of Otero in the eyes of Parisian dandies, was recently made absolute by the declaration of King Leopold, of Belgium, that she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen.

Previously Otero had swayed the heart of the belated Belgian monarch. But Guerrero met him and he was hers. So much so that with the arrival of his latest charmer in America comes the definite announcement made yesterday that the snow-haired King of the Belgians will visit the United States to see—why, to see the St. Louis Exposition.

In the pantomime interpolated in the second act of "The Red Feather" a wayfarer who has lost his way seeks shelter in the den of a bandit, who, seeing her costly jewels, plans to murder her. The woman becomes aware of his purpose and, trembling with fear, conceals the idea of using her beauty to win his weapons from him, and so begins the battle of the Rose and the Dagger.

Throwing aside her cloak, Guerrero approaches the bandit and, soothing him by soft looks and light caresses, begins her dance.

The opening bar of the slow, languorous waltz was the signal for every man in the audience to sit up and take notice, for wonderful things had been said and written of Guerrero's dancing and the physical display which accompanied it.

Possible Disappointment.

But those who went to see an undoubted exhibition of undoubted loveliness must have been disappointed. For, though when Guerrero lifted her satin skirts, and the audience and the charmed bandit leaned eagerly forward, they saw a good deal more than the St. Louis Exposition, which King Leopold is so anxious to visit, there was nothing suggestive in the dance. Perhaps the man's slow yielding to the charm of languorous eyes and throbbing flesh, until he offers his dagger for one rose that rests against the dancer's panting bosom, was more brutal than the dance.

But when, maddened with passion and no longer satisfied with the fast wilting rose, he seizes the rose-woman in his arms, and, in self-defense, she stabs him with his yielded dagger, the audience, though politely interested, was not shocked. But, after all, the man could shock Broadway person.

Next came Thomas Edison cards and spades and put Tesla and Marconi out of business.

In her dressing-room Guerrero, of the hazy eyes and the luscious figure, received an Evening World reporter, who asked her to give him a glimpse of the Belgian King.

"Why, yes, he is coming. He told me so," she said, with such engaging simplicity that the reporter realized his vague preliminary inquiries about the health of the other crowned heads had been a mere waste of time.

"Is he?" he asked, "or is he?"

"Ah, you can know the secrets of a man's heart? He is such a nice man, King Leopold. He is an old man, but somehow one forgets that. To be sure, he has given me many jewels. This pin, for instance, the Guerrero smiled tenderly at the reminder of the diamond and emerald worth many thousands of dollars.

The Grand Duke, Too.

From King Leopold's gift the dancer took a magnificent pair of solitaire earrings presented to her by the Grand Duke Boris, of Russia.

"These," she said, "were given me by the Grand Duke."

AN OLD TIMER
HAS HAD EXPERIENCES.

A woman who has used Postum Food Coffee since it came upon the market eight years ago knows from experience the necessity of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a steady brain.

She says: "At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous prostration and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum, and got a sample, and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use, and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia."

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life, until it had affected his nerves terribly. I persuaded him to shift to Postum, and it was easy to get him to make the change. The Postum was so delicious, it certainly worked wonders for him."

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate or depress, and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach. To make a long story short, our entire family have used Postum for eight years, with completely satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health, and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Increased brain and nerve power always follows the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Police Seek Man Who Says He Lost \$1,000.

A man, who gave his name as Charles Langman, and his address as No. 208 East Seventy-fourth street, called on Inspector McGluskey yesterday and told him that he had been robbed of \$1,000 on the Bowery.

He said that while near Grand street a man snatched a satchel which contained the money and that he gave chase as far as Canal street, where the thief disappeared.

Two detectives appointed by the inspector to investigate the case found that the man did not have accounts at the banks which he claimed to have "left during the day." Now Inspector McGluskey has men out looking for the story teller.

UNHAPPILY WED,
MAN ENDS LIFE

Louis Berendsen Takes Carbolic Acid and Then Dies on East Twenty-third Street. Near the Ferries.

LEAVES NOTE FOR HIS WIFE

She Is Said to Be Much Younger than He—Formerly a Steamship Engineer, but Lately a Shipping Clerk and Accomplished Linguist.

Domestic unhappiness is believed to have been the cause of the suicide of Louis Berendsen, who was found dying early to-day at Twenty-third street and Avenue A, and whose body now lies in the morgue awaiting disposition by his relatives.

In Berendsen's possession was found a short note which read: "I am perfectly sober when I do this. My love to you and kisses for the children."

"You" is supposed to be Mrs. Berendsen and the children are two little tots, who are in the keeping of their grandmother in Englewood, N. J.

Berendsen was a steam engineer and lived in a furnished room at No. 109 Clymer street. He was about fifty years old, a German by birth, was well educated and knew five languages. At one time he was an engineer aboard ship, and had been around the world several times.

In his furnished room in Brooklyn Berendsen was visited occasionally by his wife, a stylish, handsome young woman about half his age. To persons about the house and in a restaurant in the neighborhood where he ate he spoke of his troubles as something that could not be helped nor cured. To the daughter of the proprietor of the restaurant he one day said:

"Never marry and, best of all, never marry an old man. Neither one of you will be happy. I am not happy."

For the past two weeks, unable to obtain work as an engineer, Berendsen had been employed as shipping clerk for a department store in Manhattan. He finished up his work last night and soon after midnight was found dying near the East Twenty-third street ferry, having taken carbolic acid. He died before he could be removed to the hospital, a few blocks away.

Berendsen said his wife lived at No. 575 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street. At that address it was said she got her mail there and that she was a manicurist and hairdresser. It was said because of Berendsen's habits the wife had been forced to leave him and the greater part of her time was spent with her mother, who has two children.

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"Men are much alike, and women, too. Everywhere there is waged the same battle as in the pantomime, the duel of the dagger and the rose. A woman's beauty against a man's—what is the word? I only know how to express what I mean in Spanish. Oh, yes, as you say, men don't carry daggers and roses. There is the rose on one side and on the other—well, yes, diamonds, or—why, sometimes just plain love."

Guerrero said "Just plain love" blushing as a schoolgirl, and the reporter, who had been led to believe that she usually preferred it with diamonds on the side, was touched.

"Does that mean you always win? Oh, yes, it does, if it is a fresh rose. You know that pantomime was entirely my own idea. I devise all my dances myself."

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THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY
TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

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For the past two weeks, unable to obtain work as an engineer, Berendsen had been employed as shipping clerk for a department store in Manhattan. He finished up his work last night and soon after midnight was found dying near the East Twenty-third street ferry, having taken carbolic acid. He died before he could be removed to the hospital, a few blocks away.

Berendsen said his wife lived at No. 575 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street. At that address it was said she got her mail there and that she was a manicurist and hairdresser. It was said because of Berendsen's habits the wife had been forced to leave him and the greater part of her time was spent with her mother, who has two children.

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"Men are much alike, and women, too. Everywhere there is waged the same battle as in the pantomime, the duel of the dagger and the rose. A woman's beauty against a man's—what is the word? I only know how to express what I mean in Spanish. Oh, yes, as you say, men don't carry daggers and roses. There is the rose on one side and on the other—well, yes, diamonds, or—why, sometimes just plain love."

Guerrero said "Just plain love" blushing as a schoolgirl, and the reporter, who had been led to believe that she usually preferred it with diamonds on the side, was touched.

"Does that mean you always win? Oh, yes, it does, if it is a fresh rose. You know that pantomime was entirely my own idea. I devise all my dances myself."

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